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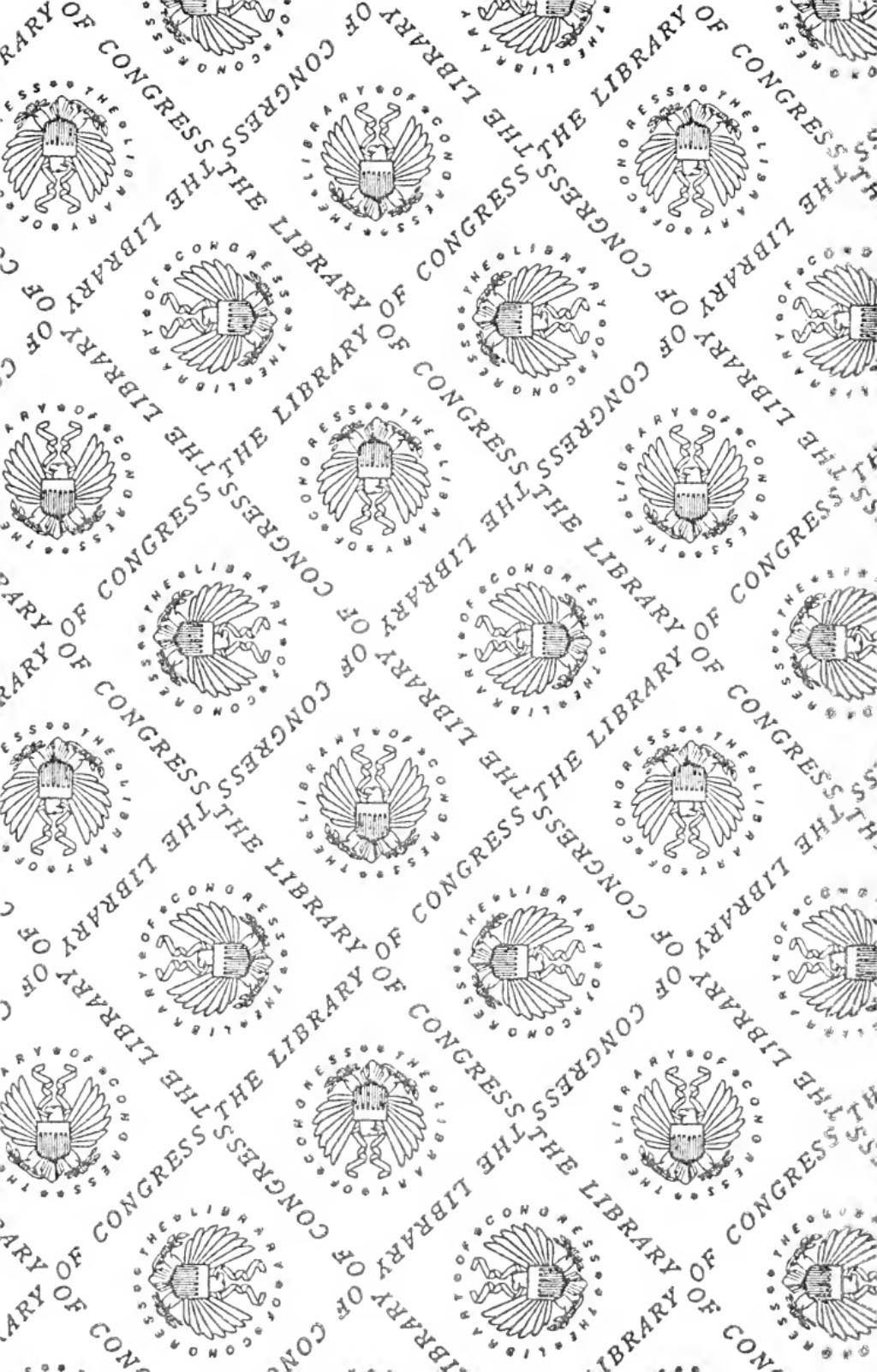
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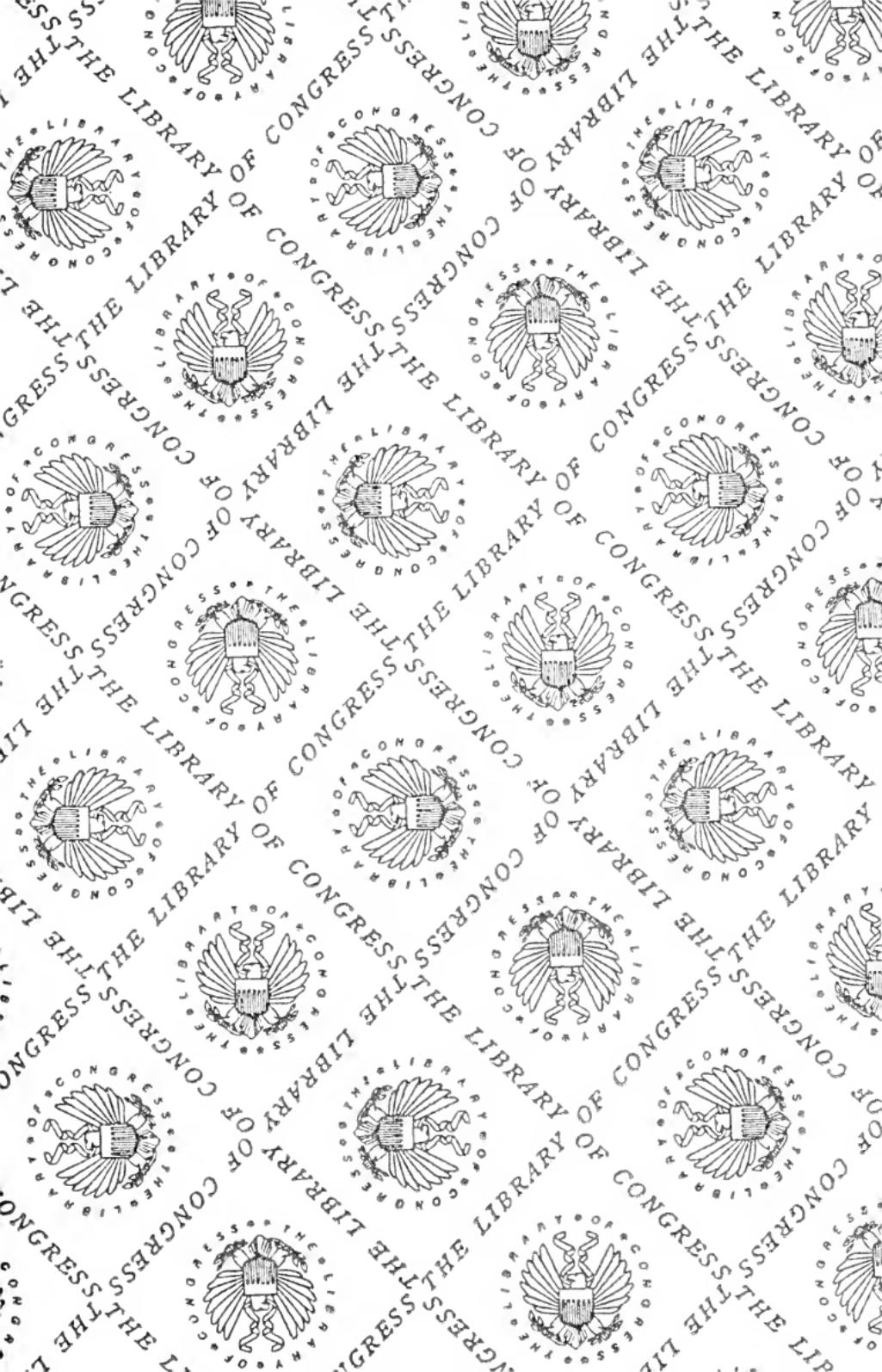
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Most cordially yours,
Seth Russell Townie

HEART HELPS

(A Collection of Selected Poems)

BY

SETH RUSSELL DOWNIE, A. M.

(Princeton)

• AUTHOR OF •

“A TALE THAT IS TOLD,”

“CAP AND BELLS,”

“COLD LEAD FOR LEATHERN CHRISTIANS,”

“THE WORKER’S GETHSEMANE,”

“AN INCENTIVE WORTH WHILE,”

“SULPHURETTES,”

ETC., ETC.

I. M. Beaver, Printer,
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To

MY GOOD WIFE,

WHOSE LOVING AND LOYAL INTEREST,
WHOSE COVETED BUT CANDID CRITICISM
ARE AND EVER SHALL BE
AN ALL-SUFFICIENT
REWARD.

Fareward.

After frequent solicitations from a wide circle of friends—true and tried—this brief collection of thoughts and feelings, prompted by a heart that loves though all too imperfectly, has found its way to *you* on its earnest errand. With a possible exception or two, all of the poems herein noted have appeared in some of the very best magazines, religious journals and secular newspapers of eastern United States. Particular gratitude is due the brilliant and beloved Dr. Richard Sill Holmes, of "THE WESTMINSTER," of Philadelphia, for the publication of a great many—and in every instance the best received. In making a selection, the author was swayed solely by the written and spoken requests of friends and family—absolutely unsolicited—and hence 'all the more irresistible.

We are told that "*poetry is closely related to music. Like music it awakens * * mysterious feelings which cannot be expressed in ordinary speech: and the person who fails to catch the subtle melody of a poem gets but little from it even though he understands perfectly the meaning of the words.*"

In these modest pages, no particle of claim is lodged to subtility of melody. If, however, there be even the slightest strain of music running through the smallest portion of these lines, it has been quietly born of a boundless love for the good Master and a desire to help some heart to know and enjoy a new delight in the service of its great Lover. Should this be the happy result of HEART HELPS, the author feels that the little eddies of restfulness, that have already been created in many a tell-tale heart, will unite with others to form a delightsome sea of song and serenity in which his own heart may find its overflowing cup.

In the present volume the writer has purposely erred upon the side of a paucity rather than of a multiplicity of verse.

SETH RUSSELL DOWNIE.

STONE MANSE
TOWNSHIP OF STRABAN
COUNTY OF ADAMS
PENNSYLVANIA
AUGUST 13th, 1907.

Heart-Helps

Behind the Veil.

Beneath the starlit blue
All nature sleeps,
The moon her vigil keeps—
Her vigil true.

Beyond the starry sky
And moon so pale—
Sits Christ behind the veil
With watchful eye.

Behind the hidden veil !
O blessed thought
With benediction fraught—
Though all else fail.

Heart-Helps

The Inner Plea.

Train me, my Lord,
In looking over life
With its scene and strife,
To hug it to my heart—
Just as I am.

Teach me, my Lord,
On life's great lesson bent
With mind and soul intent,
To keep Thee in my heart—
Just as Thou art.

Take me, my Lord,
At last, when life is o'er
With soul safe on yon shore
To dwell within Thy heart—
Just as I am.

A Contrast.

Two cherubs born of gentle parentage—
The one a girl, the other one a boy;
Two babies fair that bro't their parents joy;
Two children whom the wiles of play engage;
Two youths within the schoolroom—minds intent;
Two sweethearts launched on love's rose-tinted
sea;
Two parents—father's joy and mother's glee.
But now (strange mystery!) the picture's rent.

Heart-Helps

The woman rises high in folks' esteem,
The man (by some odd fate) a tramp becomes
And wanders o'er the earth—a prince of slums.

Thus reads life's tale. Enough! Begone—sad theme.

Love's Heart's Desire.

When I contemplate Life and its short day,
A puff of vapor 'tween me and yon shore;
A pilgrimage, and then the journey o'er
Ere few miles of the jaunting fade away;
A call to arms, and now the battle's stay;
A rose plucked from a wayside bush too soon;
The cutting off of light of sun at noon—
I marvel at the host of Sin's array.

* * * * *

Good Lord, Thou gentle Keeper of Thy sheep,
By all Thy messengers of yesterday—
The Prophets, Poets, Patriarchs (plain men)—
Release from tears all captive eyes that weep,
Point men, in gentle love, from Sin's hard way
And bid each upright stand—God's own again.

Heart-Helps

True Peace Profound.

Lord, when I kneel before Thy feet
To drink deep of Thy cup
In pulseless haste—
Make bitter sweet,
As weary eyes look up,
That not a single drop be waste.

Thus thru the dense, far-stealing air
We speed the cry that chills
Us with distress,
Down deep somewhere.
Up getting, man's soul fills
With strange, seductive silentness.

Some call such PEACE, thru long, lone years—
And this their life's delight
In shine or rain,
In smile or tears,
In calm or crushing fright,
In pleasure or in pangs of pain.

The peace that tells of priceless worth
No bitter knows nor sweet;
'Tis all of gold
Upon Christ's earth:
No dross drops in to cheat
The children of the dear Lord's fold.

Heart-Helps

Far Better.

“Give me a thought,
A fine great thought
That on it I may live,”
The world doth cry,
And crying reaches far and high
In search of truth—
Immortal truth.
The tireless quest keeps up
And 'round goes wisdom's cup
In ceaseless stroll.
Here ends the goal
To which men homage give.

“Give me a friend,
A fine great friend
That on him I may live,”
My soul doth cry,
And crying reaches far and high
In search of Christ---
Companion Christ.
In Him the search finds rest,
No need for further quest,
In Him is Truth---
Immortal Truth.
To Him I homage give.

Heart-Helps

O Holy Day!

O Holy Day,
Thou hast bro't
That without which (wondrous love)
 Life is naught,
 Now and alway;
 Our Father's Gift
 Best of all—
Jesus, the Christ, from above
 Sent to call
 Men, and uplift.
 We welcome Thee,
 Prince of Peace!
Enter our hearts, 'tis Thy cove;
 Sin release,
 Make us free;
 Bless and defend
 Help and keep,
By Thy Spirit, Heaven's dove,
 Us Thy sheep,
 Shepherd and Friend.

O Holy Day!
 Hail! All hail!

If thou should'st from life remove
 All would fail—
 Blest Christmas Day!

Heart-Helps

Father in Heaven,
We thank Thee
For this day---true treasure trove---
So holy
Which Thou hast giv'n.
May its bright ray
Sweet peace bring;
While from hearts tuned to God's love
Let us sing—
Hail! Christ's Birthday!

In Every Life—a “But.”

In every life there is a “but”—
Not one is free, nor e'er will be,
While here below—God plans it so.
'Tis thus in palace or in hut:
Great—but a leper was he;
Good—but some weakness we see;
Glad—but from burdens unfree;
Always a “but” to life's key.

There is another “but” in life—
It comes to all, both great and small.
That this is so, 'tis sweet to know
While in the midst of peace or strife:—
A leper—but power to cure;
A burden—but grace to endure;
A sorrow—but joy to insure;
A sin—but a Christ to make pure.

Heart-Helps

Thy Soul Shall Not Die.

How oft have we heard the poet's refrain—

“All things will die!”

How oft has he changed his rhyming again—

“Nothing will die!”

Which is right—“*nothing*” or *all*”? This I get

From God's Book: All things will change at last, yet
Thy soul shall not die!

Let rivers cease flowing just when they choose;

Let winds tomorrow their blowing refuse;

Let clouds no more return to their fleeting;

Let man's heart tire of ev'ryday beating;

This much is true:

All things must change

In life's wide range—

Yes, even you.

Whether you clasp this philosophy old—

“All things will die!”

Or if in your heart this dogma you hold—

“Nothing will die!”

Whate'er be your faith—let this truth remain

(If e'er you hope life eternal to gain)

Thy soul shall not die!

Heart-Helps

The Prayer Hour.

There is an hour in every day
(More sweet than tongue can tell)
The hour when heads are bowed to pray,
When sick souls are made well;
The hour when sorrows melt away
When Satan sits in hell,
Close list'ning to the words souls say
(On mountain or in dell)
To Him who is the *Truth*, the *Way*,
In whom these same souls dwell,
Who makes their hearts, in coming, gay
With songs heaven's choir swell,
Who is, in all of life, their stay,
Who speaks life's storm to quell
For youth and for the aged gray—
When rings the curfew bell.

There is an hour in every day—
More sweet than tongue can tell;
It is the hour when good folks pray
To Him in whom they dwell.

Anon.

Complaining soul---why rent
The air with cries that chill the dark-filled night
And throw a gloom-cloud over day's best bright?
With all things be content.

Heart-Helps

Gifts for the King.

What shall the children bring,
On Christmas Day,
To Christ, the children's King,
On Christmas Day?
Hands never raised to fight,
Feet that walk in the light,
Hearts that are pure and white—
On Christmas Day.

What shall the children bring,
On Christmas Day,
To Christ, the children's King,
On Christmas Day?
Lips free from words that blight,
Tongues that no truth will slight,
Thoughts that make all things bright—
On Christmas Day.

What shall the children bring,
On Christmas Day,
To Christ, the children's King,
On Christmas Day?
Love far above all height,
Deeds that are always right,
Lives that keep Christ in sight—
On Christmas Day.

NOTE.—Written for and affectionately dedicated to the tiny tots of the Children's Church of the Great Conewago Presbyterian Church of Hunterstown, (near Gettysburg) Pa., December 4th, 1904, and sung by them at their Christmas celebration

Tune:—ST. NICHOLAS.

Heart-Helps

Cycle Old.

Tired frames,
Wearied minds;
Sleeping comes---
Welcome finds.
Morning breaks!
Mind refreshed,
Body wakes.
Work begins---
Working ends.
Darknes comes---
Prayer ascends.
Tired frames,
Wearied minds;
Sleeping comes---
Welcome finds.

* * *

Life's repeat---
Cycle old.
Story sweet,
Daily told.

Changed.

How fruitless seems the labor of my days!

I grow discouraged.

To pray, to sing, I cease,
Work's weary ways increase.
Lo! Christ, my King of Love, appears!
I pray! I work! I dry my tears!

I am encouraged.

Life's music wakes : it sings love-labor's praise.

Heart-Helps

The Old Sweet Song.

When the Christmas bells are sweetly ringing,
Then my tho'ts go back to olden times,
And I hear the angel voices singing
To the music of high heaven's chimes,
Far above the dust and din of this earth,
Not too far to catch the shepherds' ears,
Singing of the wondrous Baby King's birth,
Quieting the shepherds' in-felt fears:
 "On earth good will
And peace among all men,"
 Thus they sing
 Of the King,
And sing it o'er again;
 Now softly,
 Now loft'ly,
 "To God all the glory
In heavens' highest be."
 Then all is still.

Which?

Sowing life's seeds
In daily deeds,
Death o'er us creeps---
Who is it reaps.
Who but our souls---
Where time e'er rolls!
Bliss or despair---
How shall *you* fare?

Heart-Helps

The Day of Resolutions.

The Day of Resolutions is at hand
When good and bad folk take decided stand
'Gainst many things which they themselves abhor
And vow a vow to do such things no more.

But scarcely has another day begun
Before these solemn vows their course have run—
So weak men are, so feeble and so frail.
Search where you will—it is the same old tale.

The four winds blow our vows just where they will
And we remain the same poor weaklings still:
The North wind blows—our vows begin to freeze.
The West wind harder blows—our oaths to seize.
The East wind havoc plays with every blow.
The South wind melts our fine resolves like snow.

And thus it goes from age to coming age—
To know this truth one needs not be a sage.

That this is so our hearts should much deplore
And seek to stay the tide forevermore.

But *how* shall it be done? we well may ask,
For it by no means is an easy task.

This is the way:

Get man to *pay* the vow

He makes on New Year's Day—and *do it now*,
And keep on doing so throughout the year—
Both when the way is hid, and when 'tis clear.

Heart-Helps

Let man be master of his will—God's gift
Which from the brutes of earth doth man uplift.
This done—of that same will make Christ the King.
Then each returning New Year's Day will bring
No need of solemn vows nor firm resolves
As long as Mother Earth her course revolves.

The Day of Resolutions now is here!
Let Christ be King and Pilot—He will steer
You safely o'er the fickle sea of life:
He knows the road—you need not fear the strife.

Living.

‘‘Is life worth living?’’
Soul, why this distress?
Seems all emptiness?
 A message I bring
 From life's loving King.
He asks thee to bless
 All those comfortless—
Thine own life giving.

Thy life in giving
 Haste! Make no delay—
 Give thyself today.
 Of thee Christ hath need
 Other lives to feed—
 Child lives and lives gray.
 Live Christ—thou'l then say:
 Life is worth living.

Heart-Helps

Leading---Living.

God leadeth me—
Thrice blessed tho't.
Yet for this truth
Carest thou aught?
For pastures green—
Glad is thine heart.
For waters still—
Grateful thou art.

But why is it
When troubles rise
Thine heart grows sad
And saddened—sighs?
When sorrows come
Thy home to blight,
Why dost thou thrust
God far from sight?

Pastures are not
Forever green;
The drought may come
And change the scene.
Waters are not
Forever still;
The storm may come,
And some time will.

Heart-Helps

Yet why should this
Thy faith defy?
'Tis God who still
Guides with His eye—
His eye upon thee
While He leads,
And leading, brings
To bonny meads
Thy soul again,
Thru storm and drought,
To where the Star
Of Hope peeps out.

And once again
Thou seest outstretched
The pastures green
Thy faith hath sketched;
And once again
The waters still
Thou stoop'st to drink—
To drink thy fill.

And yet, perhaps,
Not here below
May pastures grow
Nor waters flow
In quiet way;
But up above
These things shall be—
Live on in love.

Heart-Helps

'The Stately, Lasting Mansion.'

“Build thou more stately mansions,
O, my soul”—
A poet, famed and learned,
Once did write.
But *what* to build and *how*—this
Tell to me—
What sort of “*stately mansions*”
Shall they be?
For vastly more important
These facts are
Than telling me to *build*, and
Ending there.
His words are beautiful, and
Wisely put,
And in my heart I ponder
What he says
And bless God for the message
To my soul.
But while beneath the surface
Mine eyes read
The meaning that his verses
Well convey,
I ask myself this question
O'er and o'er—

Heart-Helps

When shall I build what, and how?

Then I hear
A voice from God's own white throne
High above:
"Thou, from day to day, shalt build
This alone
(Than which there be no mansions
Statlier—
Wisely building faithfully)
CHARACTER."
And straightway lifting up mine
Eager eyes
To where God's voice had pierced the
Blue-lit skies,
I waited patiently for
His next words.
And with a tenderness so
Fatherly,
He said: "And thou shalt build this
Mansion well
If thou wilt take as thine own
Architect—
Jesus, My well-beloved
Son, the Christ."
And then it was that I learned,
And learned well,

Heart-Helps

What sort of “stately mansions”—
How and when—
The Father God of earth-born
Human kind
Would have His own dear children
Always build.

* * *

O, may the blessed Spirit
Ever aid
Earth’s sons and daughters thus to
Daily build
The stately, lasting mansion
CHARACTER.

A Prayer.

(LUKE 17:21.)

Rule in my heart, Thou King Divine—
Govern alone.
And give me strength
Throughout life’s length
Each day to make
For Thy Name’s Sake
That inward Kingdom, Master mine—
Thine own, Thine own.
Amen.

Heart-Helps

Dawn.

A lone star glows
In a far-away sky;
A lone cock crows
In a farm yard close by,
While Dame Nature awakes—
And daylight breaks.

Day has begun;
And the warm, welcome glow
Of rising sun
Seems all eager to throw
A joyous thrill
Over valley and hill.

The world's at work:
And the toil of the day
(Which none should shirk)
Bids night-thoughts flee away—
For life's bread must be won
Ere day is done.

The toil of day,
Be the task hard or light,
Should make us gay—
If our toiling be right.
Greet the first ray
Of awakening day!

Heart-Helps

Cap and Bells.

All lands are filled with tragedy today!
This very moment deadly deeds are done
'Neath blinking stars, neath life bestowing sun—
In places here--in places far away;
Life's problems grimly peer: and human eyes
Beholding, backward start in mute surprise.
Men will not fight—they'd rather run and play.

But running will not rid of anything.
If so, much of all tragedy would cease
And human kind would smile serene in life.
Run faster? Closer, harder, surer cling
The problems—which in turn do but increase.
Men, tired growing, fool-like flee stern life.

And now the end!
The mood to cut life's cord comes on.
At bay--the cap and bells men don.
All things attend
To breathe a cheap solution in the ear—
And wearied with life's problems, weaklings hear,
The chance for cheap escape they grasp
And to their bosoms fondly clasp
The *bourgeois* method for complete release.
Struck is the hour! The mood has won! Decease!

Heart-Helps

Amused, the sea has nodded—"Come!"
The strand of hemp, the ball of lead,
The on-turned gas, the poison cup,
The glittering blade of steel—
Whatsoever doth appeal—
Is firmly grasped, is taken up!
The thirst for one's own blood is fed!
Unloosed---a soul has found its home.

Good God! Help us, who Thine own image bear,
To don the garment of plain duty fair,
(Be it of silk, or made of camel's hair,)
And every day with grace that garment wear!
O, keep us from the wild'ring, blinding glare
Of cheap solutions of our earth's-day care.
Real heroes help us to be in life's warfare—
When quiet rules, when herald trumpets blare.

Up—brother Man—'tis courage tells!
Fight well—and win.
To kill is Sin.
Pull from thy head the cap and bells.

Queer Quest.

We search out the good with zest—
Then turn from our quest to rest.
O fools—and slow of heart!
The *good* is but a part—
Seek not the *good*, but the *best*!

Heart-Helps

ANNIVERSARY HYMN.

1731—1906.

This is a day of thought,
 Of praise, of prayer, of tears.
What wondrous things our God hath wrought
 For us, thru by-gone years !
'Tis well to stand and think
 On this historic height
And stretch our hands out o'er the brink
 Toward Him who is our Light.

To some--the past is sad,
 For memories run deep :
Yet even then for ALL 'tis glad
 Since God the past doth keep,
Blest be the sainted dead,
 Praised be the God of love
Whose guiding hand our fathers led
 From glory heights above.

The present fills with joy
 Drawn from the years now fled
What is there dares this joy alloy?
 March on—with faithful tread !
For God, then do and dare—
 He fights with him who fights !
Let songs of vict'ry rend the air—
 Ascend the frowning heights.

Heart-Helps

Hope rings thru future days--
Keep pressing on and up.
Why fear the hid, why dread the maze?
God's love o'erflows the cup.
Lift high the hoary head,
Look up—not back nor down.
Fight, work and pray—time soon is sped,
And then will come the crown.

This, this will not be long—
So soon the years do fly.
When we are gone our children's throng
Shall float the banner high.
And He who loves His fold,
Whate'er their name or clime,
Will guard and guide, defend and hold
Our church through years of time.

NOTE.—Written for and used at the celebration of the 175th Anniversary of the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church, Bath, Pa., Sept. 14, 1906.

Contentment.

I do not understand all things
That life from somewhere daily brings;
I would not—if compelled!
I'm glad Christ hath withheld
So many things from me
(So merciful is He)
And this is why my glad soul sings.

Heart-Helps

Discontent.

Go slower Time—
When pleasures rise
To grace the feast
And scatter sighs ;
When business deals
Our minds engage,
You are too quick
To turn the page,
When tasks o'erwhelm
Too big for hours—
Go slower Time—
Let these be ours.

Go faster, Time—
When pain we feel
Too great for skill
Of man to heal ;
When sorrows shed
Their cruel rays
To blight the life
Thru length of days ;
When scenes perplex
The mind and heart—
Go faster, Time—
Till these depart.

Heart-Helps

THEN.

Out of the deeps of a heart born to grief, I sighed. Forth cried a yearning for relief. "God sleeps"—I said aloud. Quick from far cloud—a Voice, surpassing kind and clear, spake out: "Why doubt? My child—why sigh? Why fear? Be glad! Rejoice!"

NOW.

Out of the deeps of a heart born to joy, I sang. Forth rang a song void of alloy. "God keeps"—I cried aloud. Quick from far cloud—God spake: "Well pleased am I with thee, good friend. Depend on Me continually—I ne'er forsake."

The Only Life.

The simplest life a man can live,
The highest life that God can give,
The sweetest, best, most dutiful,
The bravest, the most beautiful,
Is the hidden life with Christ.

Heart-Helps

The Better Part.

One day, while slowly strolling here and there
(That day had bro't a burden hard to bear)
Amid the flowers in my garden fair—
Upon the quiet of the evening air
There rose and fell a fragrance wondrous rare.
And from my heart up sprang this joyous prayer—
“O Saviour, make my life a fragrant flower !”

The sun had scarcely risen one fine morn
When, as I listened, to mine ears were borne
(In tones as sweet as Alpine shepherd's horn)
From bush and tree, as tho' by nature torn,
The songs of birds—songs by world-taints un-
shorn.
Then burst a prayer from my heart long forlorn—
“O Saviour, make my life a song-filled bird !”

It chanced that on the holy Sabbath Day
My feet (by habit driven) went to pray
Up to the House of God, my tho'ts astray—
Filled with the strains of life's cold, weary way—
I heard the children singing blithe and gay.
Ashamed, my heart took courage then to say—
“O, Saviour, make my life a gladsome hymn !”

Heart-Helps

Onward! There's Much to Do.

Onward, ye friends of Jesus---
Fight, watch and pray alway!
Float high His royal standard
Its progress must not stay.
From vict'ry unto vict'ry
Press onward, one and all,
Till each proclaims Him Master
When he has heard His call.

Onward! Let nothing halt us!
Onward! Step fast and strong---
Conquering and to conquer,
Singing the victor's song.
Do something *now* for Jesus---
Think what He did for *you*!
List! 'tis our Captain's war-cry---
“*Onward! There's much to do!*”

Onward! Our Lord is with us---
He fights with those who fight;
He is our mighty Captain
Our KING of LOVE and LIGHT.
He gives us strength for conflict
And grace for each day's work;
They are but churls who falter---
'Tis only cowards shirk.

Heart-Helps

Great Captain of Salvation,
Hear ! 'Tis our pledge to Thee :
We give our whole endeavor
To fight most valiantly.
Help us to plan our work well---
Help us to *work* our *plan*.
Oh, keep us close to Thee, Lord---
Thou Leader of the Van !

NOTE.—Written for and dedicated to the Union Y. P. S. C. E. of Bath, Pa., and used for the first time at their Fourteenth Annual Celebration, February 3rd, 1907.

TUNE:—20TH CENTURY ECUMENICAL HYMN OF MISSIONS.

WHY ?

We eat, we drink ;
We sleep, we wake ;
We work, we play—
And why ?
To keep the laws of health,
To lay up priceless wealth,
To taste of life's keen zest,
To serve our fellows best,
To act the man or whelp—
To hinder or to help ?
We work, we play ;
We sleep, we wake ;
We eat, we drink—
Now why ?

Heart-Helps

Desideratum.

God, from the great deep of Himself,
Pours forth His life
In mother-love :
So unforsaking, changeless He,
Yet just and righteous.
When we sin
He feels it,
And His hand is felt
In firm correction laid
Upon our straying souls---
His voice is heard
To call us back
Into the narrow way that leads to
perfect light
And we find shelter in His mother-heart
of love.
O, wondrous God !
So unforgetting, kind---
So glad to lead Thy child
Back to Thyself !
How can we be so senseless
Ever
To leave Thy side?
'Tis all so strange and sinful.
Father—
We plead Thy love
That forth forever flows—
Make us as unforsaking
As Thou art.

Heart-Helps

Then we shall better know
The mystery
Of Calvary—
And live our lives more nearly
As we ought.

Does God Care?

Does God care?
Is He my friend?
When cares upon me shower,
When evil storm-clouds lower,
When in temptation's hour,
When fighting Satan's power,
When fades life's fairest flower—
Will He defend?
Does God care?

God does care!
He is my friend!
His care both day and night,
Bends o'er the sparrow's flight,
And shields the lily white.
Of more worth in His sight,
His child He will not slight.
He will defend!
God does care!

Heart-Helps

Sic Passim.

Sometime to everyone,
Treading life's road,
The cross one has to bear
Seems a great load.

Such is the lot of earth—
No soul goes free,
To-day somewhere some cross
Drags heavily.

Even God's Son—our Lord—
Knew what this meant,
As on to Calvary
Weary He went.

Simon—Cyrene's son—
Christ's cross must share.
So must we every one
Other's cross bear.

But if alone compelled
Our cross to drag—
Let not our faith grow dim,
Nor courage flag.

Light may our crosses be—
Lighter each day—
Till in the Land of Crowns
We come to stay.

Heart-Helps

E'en tho' some heavy feel,
 Think of that place
Where Cross gives way to Crown,
 There turn thy face.

A Prayer.

Gentle Jesus—gently lead
 Thy wee lamb
By the crystal waters calm—
 Shield and feed.

Gentle Jesus—gently guide
 Thine old sheep
Thru death's waters dark and deep —
 Calm and hide.

Morning Supplication.

Lord, as to-day I follow the trace —
Lord, as to-day THE WAY'S foes I face —
 Faint is my soul —
 Take Thou control!
Walking or fighting — clothe me with grace.

Lord, as to-day life's pathway I tread —
Lord, as to-day by Thee I am fed —
 My faith increase —
 Bid doubting cease!
Walking or feeding — Thy light o'erspread.

Heart-Helps

The Path to Fame.

Think not that by thy wild endless dreaming
Of noblest deeds of largest ambition
They will appear before thy dreaming eyes
A finished product dropped from yonder skies
As if by magic, whilst past thee sitting
Dreaming, golden hours silent flitting.

Mock at thy vision
In fond derision,
Not by such pastime
Upward wilt thou climb.

'Tis by thine own brow-sweat's constant streaming
That such things find their only fruition.
Work! Hustle! Labor! Grind! A ceaseless round—
By these things, not by dreams, true fame is found.

The Way of the Cross.

Dawn, noon, dusk—and day is done !
Dusk, night, dawn—and day's begun !
 The months go by—
 Years multiply !
Days, months, years—life's race is run !
But we go on to glory or to gloom—
To endless death—to life in fullest bloom.
O soul of mine, heed well thy journey's end!
Cling to the Cross—to glory is its trend!

Heart-Helps

Modes and Tenses.

The sky hangs dull (grim scene!)
 So dull and gray
 Up over head—
My spirit-life,
 So blithe and gay,
 Within seems dead.

The sky above is blue,
 So blue and clear,
 And then, ah! then
My spirit-life is gay,
 So gay (how queer!)
 And blithe again.

Love and Light.

“God is Light”—
“God is Love”—
Wondrous thought!
Thus John taught
From above—
Endless height.

Message true—
Love and Light:
Love unceasing,
Light increasing
Do not slight—
’Tis for *you*.

Heart-Helps

Transformed.

The Son of God became the Son of Man---
And over earth a glory trail was trod.
All life took on new meaning by His walk,
All problems found solution by His talk.
And as He walked and talked in days of old,
One mighty truth His coming did unfold :
The Son of God became the Son of Man---
Thus sons of men became the sons of God.

Experience.

Transgression, iniquity and sin;
Confession, forgiveness, perfect peace---
These tell the story of the fighting soul;
It fighting loses; fighting---wins control.
Strange warfare! Blessed end! Conquering soul!
Transgression, iniquity and sin;
Confession, forgiveness, perfect peace

Am Ende.

Worn out with ceaseless, pitiless working,
Daily doing all things, nothing shirking,
 The end draws near;
 God's voice we hear
Calling where no earth-born task is lurking.

Heart-Helps

Keeping Guard.

Five things I well must guard
If I would live aright
From dawn to darkest night :
 The words that I use;
 The acts of my life;
 The tho'ts that are rife;
 The comrades I choose.

To watch these four is hard.
 But if I neglect,
 In any respect,
 To watch o'er my heart,
I've yet to commence
 My work of defence,
 For there I must start.

'Tis from this citadel
The issues of life flow,
God's Word has told me so.
Then guard it and watch well.
 Life's stronghold defend !
 On God's help depend.

Thine is a minor part,
 A minor part to play,
 Hark ! Hear thy Father say :
"My son, give Me thine heart."

Heart-Helps

Arise ! His bidding do,
There'll be no further need
To watch thy word and deed,
Thy tho'ts and friendships, too,
For He will guard and guide,
Will in thine heart abide,
And in His own heart hide
Thine heart---naught can betide.

My Prayer.

Grant me, O Lord,
on this my Day of Test,
The Strength that comes
from having Mind, Soul, Heart—
At all times,
everywhere, in every part—
Completely by
Thy boundless Love possessed!
Forgetful of myself,
Help me to say
Those things to others
That shall stir up Love,
Shall quicken Hope,
bring Triumph from above—
That men
may walk
with Thee
on earth
to-day !
Amen!

Heart-Helps

Christmas Gladness.

What makes us so glad at Christmas?
What makes our hearts leap for joy?
What makes us love everybody—
Woman or man, girl or boy?
Is it because gifts are plenty?
Is it because gifts are few?
Is it because then life's sweetest?
(Come not these queries to you?)

If in our hearts we will ponder—
Ponder sincerely and deep,
We can, methinks, rightly answer
All questions like these that sweep
Over our hearts at the Yule-tide—
Over our hearts day and night,
Never departing till answered,
Answered, but answered aright.

Search hard to solve then, these queries
With heart and soul, mind and strength.
If you are honest and anxious,
You'll get an answer at length.
Whether gifts be few or many—
This matters little or no;
It is this: God gave His own Son
Just because He loved us so.

Heart-Helps

Each Day.

Lord of my life, Jesus my King,
To Thee I come, life's tale to tell.
Teach me along the way to sing;
Help me believably to bring
All things to Thee, hiding nothing,
Knowing that Thou dost all things well.
What need I fear on earth---in hell---
When in Thyself my life doth dwell?
This, then, I ask beseechingly,
In all that comes of weal or woe
As on thru life Thy way I go,
Guide, keep, defend, yea even me,
Each day, each day.

Onward, Fellow Workers!

Onward, fellow-workers,
Onward, this our cry,
Leave the past forgotten,
Tread to heights on high ;
Raise our cause still higher,
Pray and plan and work,
Care not for the crosses,
Not one duty shirk.

CHORUS---Onward, fellow workers,
Swell our Sabbath schools;
Head and heart and Bible---
These our working tools.

Heart-Helps

Great the work before us,
Greater still the end
Toward which we are striving
Then on Christ depend.
Never dream of failure,
Never count the cost,
Christ is in the vanguard
Leading on our host.
CHORUS---

Onward, then, beloved!
Pennsylvania win
For our Christ and Teacher;
Let each school begin
Waging conflicts ceaseless---
'Tis a glorious fight.
Keep close up to Jesus,
He is *Light* and *Might.*
CHORUS---

NOTE.—Convention Hymn written for the 42nd Annual Convention of the Pennsylvania State Sabbath School Association held at Gettysburg, Pa., October 10-12, 1906.

A Prayer.

Direct us, O our Father,
How finite folk may keep Thy Word !
Assist us, Saviour Brother,
When Father's love-voice we have heard !
Inspire us, Holy Spirit,
When earthly vision fails to light !
Preserve us, Triune Godhead,
Who, what can fright us into flight ?

Heart-Helps

Assurance.

The rising sun—
Day's work begun.
The setting sun—
Day's work is done.
Our weary frames
Sweet sleep reclaims.

When life is spent,
We fold our tent
And go away
To wait the day
When shall be giv'n,
By Christ in Heav'n,
The fadeless crown—
If life has shown
A faith kept well
'Gainst powers of hell;
A well-run race
With up-turned face;
Life's battle won
Thru God's dear Son.

The rising sun—
Day's work begun.
The setting sun—
Day's work is done.
Thus life's tale runs—
A tale of suns.

Heart-Helps

Yet, life is sweet!
But life complete
In Christ-lit world
Will be unfurled.
This to enjoy
We must employ
(While here below
Our way we go)
Ourselves entire.
And when called higher,
A ceaseless life
Freed from all strife;
A crown of stars,
Which nothing mars,
Is ours to reap—
Is ours to keep.

Grace for the Erring.

In treading life's pathway, beloved,
In groping around in the dark,
In doing the duties of each day,
In trying to toe the right mark---
Mistakes we shall make, full and plenty,
(Perhaps sins commit even more);
So do not be guilty of brooding
Or sighing for lost days of yore.
Look upward, not backward, beloved,
Straight up, where the Christ you can see,
Who giveth this sure word of promise:
“*My grace is sufficient for thee.*”

Heart-Helps

Post Obitum.

Today a man has died!
What did he leave behind?
Houses and wealth multiplied—
Riches of various kind.
Today a man has died!
What did he leave behind?

A man has died today!
What did he take away?
Surely not houses and wealth:
Only a soul without health.
A man has died today!
What did he take away?

Today a man has died!
What did he leave behind?
Only a name fully tried;
Drawing hosts out of sin's blind.
Today a man has died!
What did he leave behind?

A man has died today!
What did he take away?
Character—gift from above,
Bursting with *Faith, Hope and Love.*
A man has died today!
What did he take away?

Heart-Helps

Tale Told.

When sacred womanhood with pain is torn—
I'm born.

When life's warm blood thru babyhood doth flow—
I grow.

When hunger first begins my wants to tell—
I smell.

When early dawns the outer world so near—
I hear.

When little hands to little brains are real—
I feel.

When Mother Nature opes up life in haste—
I taste.

When things about begin to peer at me—
I see. [sooth—

When weeks exchange for months so quick for—
I'm youth.

When youth of pleasure hours doth ceaseless quaff—
I laugh.

When days mature of bitterness drink deep—
I weep.

When years' short tale has rapidly been told—
I'm old.

When God's kind voice calls for my soul from high—
I die.

When Christ descends for me from starry skies—
I rise. [ring—

When victors' names thru heaven's streets loud
I'm king.

When Pearl Gates tightly shut in all the blest—
I rest.

Heart-Helps

Burning Hearts.

The night is drawing dark all round about
All, all in quietness within---without.
We lift our eyes in humble contrite prayer
To where there sits an angel, wondrous fair,
Who gathers up the thanks and pleas of earth
(Of pleadings more, of thanksgiving a dearth)
And bears to Christ, who intercedes for all
Who, thankful, on His mighty Name doth call ;
We lift our grateful hearts, sin confessing,
And ask, ask as heaven's choicest blessing,
The constant presence of the Crucified
To ever in our hearts in love abide,
That hearts of flesh may thus become aflame
With love for all mankind and His dear Name.
'Tis burning hearts we need to give us power
To serve Him faithfully in every hour ;
To find Him present in God's Holy Book ;
To show Him forth in word, in act, in look.
And having prayed, within there comes the thrill
Of Christ's indwelling, burning hearts to fill.

Satisfaction.

I may not stay to see that day
When my work's way shall shoot its ray
Of Christ-held sway 'cross life's wide lay
As from above ;

Heart-Helps

Yet this I know, as on I go,
That, even though it cometh slow,
Some day its glow will fully show
'Twas born of love.

New Year's Greetings.

A Happy New Year
To You—
Greetings!
What a familiar sound!
'Tis heard the world around—
Greetings
To you!
A Happy New Year!

Happiness—how often sought!
Rarest gem—not sold, not bought;
Unsecured by wisdom's thought;
Gem so rare—with blessings fraught;
Happiness—How often sought!

A Happy New Year
To you—
Greetings!
If Christ be in you found—
Happiness will abound.
Greetings
To you—
A Happy New Year!

Heart-Helps

A Text Thought.

(PHILIPPIANS 4:13.)

O pray not thou for an easy life,
Nor for tasks that equal thy powers,
But pray for strength to win in the strife—
For strength in the labor of hours!
Then in doing thy work day by day
No wonderful miracle thou'l see—
For the wonder of grace, thou wilt say,
Is the richness of life God gives thee.

Confess Christ Lord.

Confess Christ Lord---
Him who for me hath done so much?
Come down from heav'n,
Took up His cross,
To save my soul,
Give gain for loss:
Confess---
Why not?
Salvation 'twill bring,
Obedience make sweet,
Give gratitude voice,
Make service complete.
Speak out, my heart, 'tis duty's touch---
Confess Christ Lord.

Heart-Helps

Salutation.

Welcome—thou rays of the rising sun,
Leaping the clouds to kiss as they run;
Run—just to tease the giver-of-cheer,
Run—tho' each moment brings him more near,
Run—till at last caught in fond embrace,
Kissed by the sun—no more clouds we trace.
Leaping to kiss the clouds as they run—
Welcome, O rays of the rising sun!

Thus may our hearts salute God's precious Son
When morn awakes us to do His will—
Glad that His presence is with us still,
Glad with the love that brings hope's joy-thrill,
Glad with the faith that doth strength in-fill.
Welcome, Thou Christ, to a new day begun.

O Lord Direct Us.

When fears annoy,
When overcome with grief,
When trials decoy,
When most we need relief,
When sickness reigns,
When sorrows thickly press,
When Satan gains,
When life is full of stress—
O Lord direct us!

Heart-Helps

A Splendid Habit.

To admire the good in others,
To admire the good in this world,
Is to foster a splendid habit
And to keep God's Peace Banner unfurled.

To ever keep "*eyeing*" your fellows
Is the mark of the foolish, and wrong.
Saul's envy of David's great vict'ry
Cost the king life and realm before long.

And today (as in years long gone by)
To keep looking for *black sides* in men
Will bring ruin. 'Twere best to admire—
"*The God of Peace shall be with you*" then.

These Three.

As a babe to its mother close clinging,
As a bird to the Southland keeps winging—
So is FAITH.

As a soul through death's vale sweetly singing
As the Easter-tide bells loudly ringing—
So is HOPE.

As the nightingale's song rapture bringing,
As the sound of Pearl Gates open swinging—
So is LOVE.

Heart-Helps

Happiness Complete.

(JOHN 16:24.)

Ask and receive, your joy will then be full
(So saith the Christ to every human heart);
Ask, and you'll have a happiness complete,
A happiness that never will depart.

Search where you will, you'll find it nowhere else
But in a heart where Christ, the Master dwells,
The Christ so good, so kind, so true, so real,
The loving Christ of whom the Bible tells.

Then open up your heart and let Him in;
And ask Him not to *sojourn* but *abide*.
Do this—and happiness complete and joy,
Full joy, is yours whatever ills betide.

My World-Maker.

What if success thine efforts hath not crowned,
What if upon thy labor earthlings frowned,
What if thy footsteps grinning devils hound,
What if thy forehead daily touch cold ground,
What if to gain an entrance sin doth pound,
What if in wrestling thou art frequent downed,
What if in camel's hair thy form be gowned,
What if to herald thee no trumpets sound,
What if thy cherished silent sleep 'neath mound,
What if---have done! Glad truth my faith hath
found :

Thine own heart makes the world.

Heart-Helps

Recompense.

Ye deedless drone proclaimeth,
“Life is dreary!”

Ye busy bee exclaimeth,
“Strife makes weary!”

Sure recompense!
It sounds like idle joking
Every whit.
Yet think a bit!
’Tis merely prose-provoking,
Plain common sense.

Our part is to apply
This teaching true.
God’s word is “*work*”—
We dare not shirk.
His part is to supply
The strength we need
For daily deed.
Then up and do!

For weariness—comes rest;
For strife—the victor’s quest—
The crown *for you.*

Immortality’s Interrogation.

When I have died and lie with firm clasped hands
’Cross my still breast,
Will my life’s calm live on in beating hearts—
And bring men rest?

Heart-Helps

When I have died and lie with fast closed eyes
 Some day to ope,
Will my life's cheer live on in beating hearts—
 And bring men hope?

When I have died and lie with fire cleansed soul
 Secure above,
Will my life's chant live on in beating hearts—
 And bring men love?

A Prayer.

I do not crave, my Lord, freedom from care,
 (This cannot be)
I only seek my burden well to bear—
 And follow Thee.

I do not seek, my Lord, freedom from toil,
 (This should not be)
I only ask my labors not to spoil—
 And follow Thee.

I do not ask, my Lord, freedom from pain,
 (This may not be)
I only crave my soul's health to maintain—
 And follow Thee.

I do, my Lord, pray that when life-tale's told,
 (This soon may be)
My sin-freed feet tread night-less streets of gold—
 And follow Thee.

Heart-Helps

After-Thoughts.

How time does fly!
Another year has flown
With all its weight of tears
And laughs, of hope and fears,
Of pleasure and of pain,
Of loss, of greater gain,
Deep sorrow, deeper joy,
Things golden, things alloy,
Of good and bad things sown.
O, what would we not give
That year once more to live!
But what's the use to sigh
When these things have slipped by?
Make of *this* year the *best*—
Then trust to God the rest,
Whose arms are 'round us thrown
From yonder sky.

Uncovered.

Life's story's writ in human faces,
Its outer temple door swings open wide.
Sometimes a tender glory-light surprises:
Again, a nameless sadness settles there,
So filled are lives with easement or with care.
No word needs spoken be.

Yet there arises
The tell-tale heart-talk none can wholly hide
From deep within still, silent places.

Heart-Helps

Borrowing Trouble.

(MATTHEW 6:34.)

My heart is torn with grief,
Troubled am I;
Troubled—but no relief;
Hard tho' I try;
Troubled on every side—
Where, O where shall I hide?
O, to be free!

When dawns tomorrow's morn
New ones shall rise:
All must be faced and borne
'Mid tears and sighs.
Ere today's bridge is crossed
On morrow's bridge I'm tossed—
Nor can I flee.

From day's dawn to day's dusk,
Thus some folks sigh,
Feeding upon the husk
When food is nigh;
Daily with feet outstretched
Crossing what they have sketched—
Bridges they see.

Hark! Friend, your Lord doth speak,
So tenderly:
"Hast thou ne'er thought to seek
Relief from Me?
Come— lift toward Me thy face;
Sufficient is My grace—
I will help thee.

Heart-Helps

“Sufficient for to-day,
 The anxious fear.
The morrow’s far away,
 If I am near.
Each day walk by My side,
Let borrowed troubles glide—
 Keep close to Me.”

Heed, then, the Master’s voice.
 Cease forebodings.
Make Him your daily choice,
 He’ll clear up things.
Walk close to Him thru life:
His peace is sure in strife—
 Calm thou shalt be.

NOTE.—This hymn was dedicated to the members of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Great Conewago Presbyterian Church, Hunterstown, Pa., December 10th, 1904. Tune:—“Bethel.”

The Saviour and the Soul.

I am the WAY---
 O Soul, don’t be misled.
I am the TRUTH---
 O Soul, shun falsehood’s plea.
I am the LIFE---
 O Soul, rise from the dead.
I am thine ALL in ALL---
 Come unto Me.

Heart-Helps

Evening Litany.

Dear Lord and Saviour mine,

I come to Thee:

Weak, frail and meritless,

Merciful be.

Hear Thou my prayer tonight,

Not one petition slight—

Lord of my life.

Thou art the Lord of Lords,

The Sovereign King;

Thou art the Way, the Truth,

Life Thou dost bring.

God's well-beloved Son—

God's ere world's were begun—

Lord of my life.

For all that Thou hast done

My heart thanks Thee;

For all that Thou hast been—

Even to me.

Be still my heart's best Friend,

Guard, feed, command, defend—

Lord of my life.

Forgive the things undone

Throughout this day;

Forgive the evil deeds,

O Lord, I pray;

Blot from Thy memory

All mine iniquity—

Lord of my life.

Heart-Helps

Sleeping, keep Thou my soul,
 Grant me Thy peace;
Waking, come near to bless,
 From sin release.

Sleeping or waking scene,
 Hard on Thy breast I lean—
 Lord of my life.

Nor pray I merely, Lord,
 For self alone;
Hear me for *all* mankind—
 Heed the world-groan.
Give what is best for all,
 Be kind to those who fall—
 Lord of my life.

Speed Thou the gospel light
 Thru all the world,
Till from his sway o'er souls
 Satan is hurled.
Realm, power, glory be
Thine, Thine eternally—
 Lord of my life.

Amen.

NOTE.—Written January 17th, 1905, and dedicated to the Y. P.
S. C. E. of the Great Conewago Presbyterian Church of Hunterstown, Pa.
Tune:—“KEDRON.”

Heart-Helps

Confession.

Long years ago I loved Thee much, I knew—
 My precious Lord;
I thought no love could dip more deep—or nearly;
But years leapt by: And lo! love's passion grew!
 Today, my Lord,
I love Thee many million times more dearly!

From Side to Side.

Life is a stream
Upon whose wave-crest mankind glide:
With ceaseless glee of childhood man begins to
 ride,
His youth-hood strength the oar pulls hard to
 touch hope's side,
His manhood glance is careful turned to watch
 love's guide;
At death's approach, faith waits the slide
Of keel on shore.

* * * * *

Strong Pilot
Of my time-tossed boat—
Fore'er abide
To steer true,
As I row or float,
From side to side.

NOTE.

Permission will be granted, upon request, to anyone who may desire to reprint any part or parts of this collection,—due and full credit to be given, in every instance, to the publication by title.

THE AUTHOR.

THE PUBLISHER.

ERRATA.

"THE INNER PLEA."

Line three should read "*serene*," not "*scene*."

Line five should read "*Just as it is*," not "*Just as I am*."

"THE PATH TO FAME."

Omit period at end of sixth line.

"CONFESS CHRIST LORD."

Line three should read "*came*," not "*come*."

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